

# Trains – Porcupine Tree

Train set and match spied under the blind  
Shiny and contoured the railway winds  
And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed  
The hiss of the train at the railway head

Always the summers are slipping away

A 60 ton angel falls to the earth  
A pile of old metal, a radiant blur  
Scars in the country, the summer and her

Always the summers are slipping away  
Find me a way for making it stay

When I hear the engine pass  
I'm kissing you wide  
The hissing subsides  
I'm in luck

When the evening reaches here  
You're tying me up  
I'm dying of love  
It's OK

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(Always the summers are slipping away)  
(Find me a way for making it stay)

Always the summers are slipping away  
Always the summers are slipping away

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych